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INTER NOS

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CONTENTS

Editorial	SISTER M. DOLOROSA
A Review of "Inter Nos"	LOIS O'CONNELL
The Black Saint	BETSY KNIERIEM
Headline for Unity	DOLORES M. WELGOSS
Cameos	ROSEMARY TYLER
Journey to a Room	MARY MARGARET SCHAEFER
The Leavening	RUTH KUNTZ
A Nun	MARYLOU O'CONNOR
To Modern Art	MARYLOU O'CONNOR
Creative Writing	CAROL SEBASTIAN
Do You?	CAROL SEBASTIAN
Frolic	NAT ROHE
Farewell	PHYLLIS KIRBY
The Crucified	BERNICE LONG
Are We Superior?	MARY JOAN PAPPAS
On Smiles	MARJORIE O'HANLON
Daughter of Depression	HARRIET WEAVER

J. M. J.

Editorial

In presenting the second issue of "Inter Nos," we wish to express the appreciation of the President and Faculty for the welcome given to Vol. I, No. 1. It would be a pleasure to publish comments sent by friends after their careful or cursory reading, according to type. All agreed that there is a definite place among our activities for the new Quarterly. Vol. II is made up of contributions by the students. According to our plan we publish another "Phi Beta Kappa" prize winner. Should "Inter Nos" live and wax strong, we hope to reach all our prize winning essays and poems.

We hope that among the Alumnae there may be occasional contributors of articles of general interest. Some have expressed their willingness to venture into our literary field.

Let us take leave of our readers with a thought for June, the month of the Sacred Heart, devotion to Whom is so dear to the Catholic, so alien, at times, to our separated brethren.

We have heard it said, "Why show the Saviour's heart outside His body?" "Why?" Because the Church so rich in symbolism, expresses Christ's love for mankind by a heart aflame; the organ of love pouring itself, consuming itself in its intensity of love.

The picture is Christ's own designing; His wish in its regard expressed in the promise made to St. Margaret Mary, "I will bless every place in which a picture of my Sacred Heart is set up and honored."

Along life's way Christ's protecting heart has been, and shall ever be man's solace in grief, a sharer in his joys, a source to which he may turn in every need.

Faith in Him! Hope in Him! Strong personal love for Him! Let this be our thought and our aspiration for the month of June.

SISTER MARY DOLOROSA.

A Review of THE FIRST ISSUE OF "INTER NOS"

By Lois O'Connell

Our college has taken still another step forward in its project for the publication of a Quarterly Magazine, "Inter Nos." Among ourselves, the faculty and students of "The Mount" hope to add to its literary achievements.

The first article of the magazine, "Father King's Seminar" by Mother Marie de Lourdes, is written in an interesting dialogue form with an informal and humorous style. The article traces the symbolism in literature of Christ as the Knight, gaining the favor of his Lady, the Church, and waging battle against evil. The informal and enjoyable style of the article is well used to convey the theme.

"Catholicism and Democracy" by Sister Agnes Bernard is a scholarly condensation of the meaning of democracy and of its origin and development from the spring of the natural law into later positive and civil laws. It shows the eternal and unchanging truths of the Church on the theory of man's natural law and rights from the time of Paul to the modern man. It shows the Catholic background of our great American heritage of freedom, in a concise and scholarly style.

"Historical Memories" by Mrs. Lillian May Evans is a brief sketch of the history of the founding and growth of the Mount. It is written simply and with sincere sentiment by one who had "the glory of the vision" of the Mount before its founding.

"Stained Glass—A Study" by Sister Ignatia gives an enjoyable and valuable background of the early and contemporary art of stained glass. Its significance lies in the fact that by taking St. Dominic's Church in San Francisco as an example, Sister has demonstrated fully the depth of meaning and symbolism employed

in this art. The explanation of the liturgical significance of the basic colors and their role in the stained windows is especially worthwhile. It calls attention to the depth of meaning, besides the beauty, of stained glass windows in the Catholic Church.

"The Oldest American Shrine North of Mexico" by Sister Marguerite relates the three hundred year story of the Shrine of Fort Ste. Marie and of the heroic saints who pioneered in Canada with "their love and zeal for souls." This story is made more personal and powerful because of the author's own knowledge and familiarity with her subject matter.

"Tertullian Meets 'The Guild'" by Sister Dolorosa is an extremely well-handled modernization of Tertullian's views on the women of his age. Through this article we can see clearly that human nature and human foibles are essentially the same as they were in the ancient time of Tertullian. His attack and admonition to the women on the error in their vanity could just as easily be applied to our age. The closing paragraph of this article, which shows how Tertullian failed because he lacked humor in his judgments, is powerful by its pointing out the folly of intellectual pride as well as womanly vanity.

"Making Booklovers" by Sister Hortensia is an extremely practical and thought provoking article on the necessity for guidance in the selection of children's literature. Because the quarterly is essentially for alumnae of the college and for students who will soon be taking their place in the world, most of them as mothers, this article on Catholic reading material for young, pliable, Catholic minds is very timely.

"Music in the Post War World" by Sister Celestine is the presentation of the power of music as a language "which requires no translation because it leaps the hurdle of intellect and speaks directly to the emotions." Because music is the universal language, it can prove to be the meeting ground for an understanding among all nations. Beginning on the college level, music of all nations should be studied and made familiar to give people an insight and appreciation of the feelings and customs of all nations. According to this article this is the role that music must play in the post war world. The article is well thought out and unusual in approach.

"The Education of a Heretic" by Helen Shubert is a powerful and revealing autobiographical essay. It is the story of one who comes to the Mount as an unbeliever; yet through the atmosphere, the truths, and the example she meets there becomes a firm idealist. It is the sketch of one who having known the truth and ideals of Catholicism will not let life "press so close" again. This subjective essay is outstanding for sincerity, honest analysis of one's own mental change and attitude, and for beauty of style.

The Black Saint

By Betsy Knieriem

The last penitent brushed out of the curtained confessional. I folded my stole, placed it on the straight wooden chair, and stepped from the stuffy box. Glancing at my watch, I knew it was not yet time to vest for eight o'clock Mass, and so I stood in the rear looking about. The church was clean, but that was about all that could be said in its favor. It certainly didn't resemble the common conception of the palace of a king—especially not the King of kings. But then, churches in the negro section of town seldom do.

In the pews, the people waited. Some of the elders knelt, their rosaries clicking against the wooden pews. Others leafed through small, leather covered books for the page which read, "I will go unto the altar of God. . ." Children wriggled in their places toward the front, girls on Our Ladies side and boys at the feet of Joseph. Inside the railing, a tiny cream colored altar stood in a proportionately small sanctuary. One average sized priest and two small sized altar boys filled it as the fish of the miraculous draught filled the boats—"to overflowing". The linens were threadbare from hundreds of trips to washtub and ironing board, but they were white as angels' wings. Not even the Cathedral could boast of cleaner cloths. Then, my eyes rested on The Statue. It was large, almost too large for the size of the church, but I loved it more than any I had ever seen. After all, it had helped me to understand these parishioners whose skin was several shades darker than mine, but whose souls I imagined must be far whiter. It had helped me to fill the church today.

I smiled now, but I hadn't been so light hearted that day on which I arrived at St. Agnes. Father Flynn, my predecessor as pastor, warned, "Father, I don't know what it is, but the people are drifting away from the church. I don't think it is that they don't believe in God any longer, but that they feel that He doesn't believe in them. At any rate, the church is barely a quarter filled now on Sunday and it used to be packed. I don't know what you can do about it, but the best of luck anyway."

I opened my mouth to question him, but he hurried on, "Now don't ask me to explain what I have said. I can't. All I know is that the people don't come to church anymore. Wait until you're here a while and you'll see for yourself."

I didn't think I ever would, but soon I understood what he meant. The parishioners accepted me as a friend. They liked me because I didn't "go uptown to the fancy shops," but traded in their stores. Men listened to my opinion on the weather or the coming war at the forums they held in front of the barber shops on warm days,

or inside around the gas heater, on wet ones. Young mothers were happy to let me hold their babies and children shouted from the streets to "c'mon out 'en play ball." All these things I did because I liked the colored folk and because I wanted to win their confidence.

Again and again during our barber shop "conflabs", as the proprietor called them, I tried to bring the subject to God, but every time one of the men twisted it back or, if that were impossible, they simply went back to their duties leaving me without an audience. One day Mr. Landry, the barber, commented that an especially good picture must be playing, because there was a line in front of the theater. I mused, "Well, I don't understand it. God is a million times better than any movie ever could be, but this morning the church was all but empty. The people don't line up to see Him. Doesn't any one in this parish believe in God?"

For a minute we counted cracks in the floor. Then Mr. Landry drawled, "Certainly we believe in God. We believe that God made us, but we can't understand why. We blacks don't mind work, but no matter how hard we try we don't seem to get anywhere. White men won't accept us and it seems that it must be the same with. . ."

"But don't you realize," I cut in, "that if you accept suffering and offer it back to God that it is changed into joy and everlasting happiness. Even though you have to take the lowest place on earth, God will save a high one in heaven."

"Are you sure, Father? Are you very sure?" he questioned. "It doesn't seem that way to us."

That stumped me. Of course I was sure, but I had tried a hundred times before to tell them they were wrong. If they hadn't accepted explanations then, they wouldn't now. Anyway, the group was breaking up and I could tell by the rigid expressions that if I forced them to listen, I would lose their friendship. Then I would be helpless. Turning, I walked out and started toward the church. Because of a feeling of failure, I couldn't look up at His empty house. Instead I began to meditate. It was hard to drown out the words which echoed through my head with every click of my heels, "We believe in God, but we don't understand why."

Just as I passed the shoe store I heard, "Father Sage! Father Sage, c'mon out 'en play ball."

"No," I called to twelve-year-old Johnny who stood in the middle of the street laughing from excitement, his shirt clinging to his warm, wet body. "No, not today. I'll take you on tomorrow though."

I trudged down the street, but soon the slap of tennis shoes against the pavement caused me to turn around. It was my ball-playing friend.

"Hi, Father!" he panted, "I decided I didn't want to play either. Beside you look tired or disgusted or sumpin' and I thought maybe I could help you."

"That is nice," I answered running my fingers through his steel wool hair, "That is about the nicest thing that's happened to me for a long time. But, I don't think that even you can help, Johnny. You see, my job is to tell people about God so they will want to be good, but I can't do that if they don't come to church. I guess they don't think I know what I'm talking about, or they would come."

Thought screwed up Johnny's face. Seeing he wanted to help but didn't know how, I tried to reassure him by saying, "Don't you worry about it, fellow. It's my problem, not yours and I'll solve it yet."

"But, Father," he pleaded, "I don't want you to think that we colored folk don't like you, 'cause we think you're tops. But, you see, most of my people are discouraged too. Mom and Pop work and work, but they don't seem to get anywhere. It looks to us if religion is the same. No use for us to try to be good because we won't get anything out of it. When you're black, you're black and that's all there is to it. If you are a negro, you are always on the bottom of the pile, and so why should we try to be good and go to church."

Startled, I stammered, "Oh, no! That isn't it. God doesn't care what color your skin is. It's your soul. . ."

Johnny interrupted, "Yes, He does care, Father. He must or else there would be some colored saints, and there aren't any colored saints or there would be some statues of them and there aren't any statues because we've all looked and looked and we haven't seen any—not a one. All the saints and God's mother and everybody that's good are white, and the devils—they're always black. So, you see, Father, God must not like black people. If we're all gonna turn out to be devils, what's the sense of going to church?"

By this time we had reached the church steps. Dazed, I sat down. Now I knew the "Why" of the whole thing. These darling, simple parishioners had never heard of a negro saint. No one had ever told them of Blessed Martin de Porres or St. Benedict. They thought that negroes weren't eligible for halos.

"You see what I mean, don't you, Father?" Johnny worried.

"Yes, now I do, fellow." I answered. "Don't you worry any more because from now on, everything is going to be just dandy."

"Gosh, that's swell, Father, I'd better be getting home now. But if you want to be straightened out again, just let me know."

I laughed at that and watched him run down the street.

The next morning I spent hours on the telephone calling church art stores. I knew that telling the people that there were negroes

in heaven wouldn't be enough. I had to prove it. For awhile my inquiries about a statue such as I wanted were answered with, "No. Sorry, Father Sage. The demand isn't great enough for us to carry such an item."

Finally, a clerk at Huff's Religious Goods Store said that he wouldn't promise a thing, but he was pretty sure he could order a statue of St. Benedict from their New York supply house. According to the catalogue, they had one which was life size and very realistic. I gulped and asked the price, knowing that the parish had no funds and that I had no money of my own. After a consultation with Mr. Huff, the owner, the clerk told me that he had been authorized to sell me the statue at cost. That would be only five hundred and fifty dollars. What possessed me to order it, I don't know, but I had the feeling that God wouldn't let me down. After I left the phone, I went to the church immediately and talked to God straight from the shoulder. I explained that to get these people back among His sheep I would have to be able to prove that there really were colored saints. This statue, I confided to Him, was just the thing. My only problem was to get the money. My friends were of moderate circumstances with families to raise. They couldn't be expected to help me. Finally, I decided that there was only one thing to do—see the Bishop. After a prayer to the Holy Ghost, I called to arrange an appointment.

I had never asked Bishop Charles for money, but once in his office I knew that begging was never easy even when you were asking a kindly Bishop. I stammered and stuttered and finally blurted out, "Your Excellency, I need five hundred and fifty dollars. I know that you are called upon for assistance many times each day, but . . . but . . ."

"Yes, I know," he interrupted, "but your case is important. However, Father, everyone thinks that his case is more important and as you know, I have so little to give."

"I know, Bishop. I'm very sorry that I bothered you. Please excuse me. Now, I'll be on my way. . ."

"Oh, don't go, Father," he smiled. "I always listen to the story because sometimes there is an exceptional need and I find a way to help. This may be the time."

I sat down again and told the whole tale. When I finished he was silent for a minute and then said, "How many people are in St. Agnes parish? . . . close to two hundred . . . well . . . I guess we can spare five hundred and fifty dollars for that many souls. The Lord will see that we are repaid. Have Huff's send the bill to me."

Two weeks later the whole neighborhood was disturbed by reports of a large crate being carried into St. Agnes. After the

delivery man had unpacked it, I went out on the steps. I knew that their curiosity could not be restrained for more than a few moments and I was right. Johnny kicked a stone down the street before him trying to be nonchalant. He tried to act surprised when he saw me, but we both knew that he had been sent to find out what the mysterious box held. After chatting a short time on the World Series, I asked him to come into the church, saying I wanted his opinion on something. That pleased him. He followed me in and at first didn't see the black man standing at the right of the altar. When he did, I waited two full seconds for an exclamation. Then, he whispered, "Who is it? Is it the statue of a saint?"

"Yes," I said trying not to be too pleased that my trick had worked, "Yes, it's the statue of one of God's friends."

"I wasn't sure that he had heard me until he asked, "Tell me about him. What's his name? Where did he live? Was he really colored? Why . . ."

"Stop a minute," I whispered. "Come out on the steps and I'll answer all your questions, but only one at a time."

I took his ginger hued hand and led him out. He stumbled once because although his feet were going out his eyes were still on the statue.

We sat down and I told him about St. Benedict, who had been called "The Black." I told Johnny that he had been born way back in 1526 and, although his parents had been slaves as Johnny's own ancestors had been, Benedict had been freed. I explained that Benedict later had joined the Franciscans as a lay brother, but because he was so holy they had made him master of the young men studying to be priests. I related the story of his death and said that when his coffin was opened his body was just the same and not corrupted as other people's were. I thought Johnny would burst from excitement and I barely had time to say that he had officially been made a saint in 1581 before John dashed down the street calling back, "I've got to tell everybody, Father. Everybody has to hear about the black saint."

Suddenly I was back in the present with only enough time to prepare for Mass. Even so, I had to stop a minute and thank Benedict the Black for filling the church again.

FIRST WALTZ

*The acacia puts on her ball-gown
Of tatted sunshine
And begins waltzing
To the rhythm of the breeze.*

ROSEMARY TYLER

Headline for Unity

By Dolores M. Welgoss

All I could do was grumble. Yes, grumble! Imagine sending a fellow out at the crack of dawn to get a story on some mission clear over on the other side of town. Yep, that's my boss, though. "Get a story, Bannon," he says, "get a story!"

I was still mumbling when I reached my destination and no wonder. After walking up and down dreary streets, in the oldest part of town, looking for a church, I came across this so-called mission. It was nothing but a two-story frame house, badly in need of paint, and if it were not for the Russian cross on top of the building, one would never know it was a church. It was small and partly covered by climbing vines.

"How can I possibly get a story here?" I asked myself.

I walked up the worn, red steps and was about to knock on the wooden door when it opened. A short, slim girl, about eighteen years old was smiling a good morning.

"Come in," she said. "I am Manya Petrovich. You must be Mr. Bannon. We were expecting you. Did you have trouble finding the place?"

I told her that I did have trouble—plenty of trouble—for I was looking for a big, stone church and never expected to find a mission made out of an old home.

She laughed and said, "Yes, people usually do get lost in trying to find us, but come, you're not late. Father is just starting Liturgy."

"Liturgy?" I said to myself. "What's that?"

I removed my hat and followed the young lady into a little chapel. On the faded blue walls were pictures of various saints, (I found out later they were Byzantine icons). There were no statues in the church.

The young girl stopped, bowed her head and crossed herself three times. I attempted to do the same.

The room seemed crowded and the air was filled with incense and smoke from the many candles that lighted the church. The altar, covered with a yellow satin material, was set off from the rest of the church by a wooden partition on which were painted more saints (iconastos, they called it). Behind the altar was a large oil painting and while I was trying to see the significance of it, a tall, bearded priest, in a green robe, came to the center, stood before the altar, and began to chant some strange words in a deep, clear voice.

"Gospody pomoleemshia," he was singing.

The congregation, composed of about ten men and women, responded, "Gospodee pomeewooee."

"How beautiful," I thought.

My young guide pointed to a chair which, I presume had been placed there especially for me. There were no other chairs in the church. The Russian people never sit in church, I was told; they either stand or kneel.

Someone, guessing my ignorance as to what was going on, handed me a little gray book entitled, "An Aid to the Slavonic Liturgy." There was that word "liturgy" again! What did it mean?

I opened the book and found the answer in the first line. Liturgy meant Mass.

"Well, now! This is something an Irishman like me can understand," I said, feeling intelligent all of a sudden.

Reading further, I learned that the strange words sung by the priest and congregation were Slavonic and that the services were according to the Greek Rite.

"Now what does that mean?" I asked myself and penciled a question mark over the words, intending to ask about them later.

How different this all seemed! I looked up from my book. The priest had just finished incensing the icons and was now incensing the congregation. They bowed their heads reverently and continued their singing without accompaniment.

What perfectly blended voices! How simple! How spiritual!

My thoughts went back to an article in last week's *Times*:

"The Russians are selfish, scheming, suspicious atheists. They are tyrants and aim to possess the world."

Can this be true? Are these people before me enemies of America? Are they trying to fool me with this fine display of piety?

The ascetic looking priest faced the congregation and blessed them with a wooden cross. Then, one by one, the Russians approached to kiss the crucifix.

"No, these are not war-loving people. These are not atheists," I was telling myself when my guide came upon me once more and led me out into a vestibule.

"Won't you stay and have breakfast with us?" she was asking. "We always have breakfast after Liturgy and Father will be out in a few minutes."

I accepted readily and followed her into the dining-room. By "we" I took her to mean the entire congregation, for they were *all* staying. Some were busily setting the tables, others were bringing in hot dishes from the kitchen, while still others were just standing around a wood-stove amusing themselves with conversation.

"Did you find the Liturgy long?" Manya was questioning.

"Long!" I said quickly looking at my watch. "Great guns!" I gasped. "Two hours! It can't be! Where did the time go? I guess I just got carried away with it all."

At that moment the blue curtains, dividing the dining-room from the vestibule, parted and the pastor of this little group of Slavs

entered. He was dressed in a long, black cassock and was fingering a silver cross which hung on a chain around his neck. He came over and greeted me warmly.

What a surprise! This very Russian-looking priest spoke with an English accent. He was an Englishman!

"Well I never—How did you get into this, Father?" I asked.

He smiled, stroked his curly beard and explained how he, an Englishman, had been raised to despise the Russians, to look upon them as big "steam rollers" or "bears" and something not to be bothered with.

It was in the field of faith (while he was studying for the priesthood) that he found it possible to overcome these prejudices which were not based on reason but ignorance. While he was preparing for the priesthood, a call came through for men to train for the Russian Mission. He volunteered. He was ordained a priest in the Greek Rite and for some years worked with the Slavs in Estonia. At the outbreak of war, he was sent by his Superior General to this mission in Los Angeles. His work here was to fill the needs of the Greek Catholics and to convert their fallen-away brethren—the Orthodox Russians and the Communists.

"Just what do you mean by a Greek Catholic, Father?" I asked. "Are they *really* Catholic? Are they under the Pope of Rome?"

He poured me a cup of tea from the steaming samovar and proceeded to slice a lemon.

"There are twelve rites in the Catholic Church," he explained. "The Roman Rite, to which you belong, is just one of them. The Greek Rite is the one in which the Russians were first converted to Christianity by the missionaries, in the year 988. Their faith is the same as the Roman—their rite is different. Rites are adapted from the cultures of people. And Mother Church is very wise in adapting these differences in culture for her purpose. In diversity of culture there is unity, and unity brings peace. It would be wise for the world to look to the Church as a model. You know, the people in Russia are not all Communists. In fact, only a small percentage of them are. It is the atheistic government that has led these few astray and that is preventing the others from practicing their faith. But wait; the time of reckoning is coming. The Blessed Virgin, when she appeared to the little children at Fatima, in Portugal, in 1917, said that Russia *would* be converted *if* we would pray. That is what we are doing. Today, is the first Saturday of the month—Fatima Saturday we call it. You saw the people at Liturgy this morning. They come from all parts of the city. It takes many of them two hours to get here on public busses and streetcars. You will admit getting up early on a cold morning isn't easy. But these people don't mind. They love their Liturgy and they wish Our Lady's promises to be fulfilled.

"Yes, Father, I have heard of the apparitions at Fatima, but didn't the Virgin request more than just prayers?" I asked.

"Oh, yes!" he answered. "She requested that the world be consecrated to her Immaculate Heart, that the faithful receive Holy Communion on the first Saturday of every month for six months, and go to Confession within one week of that Saturday in reparation for the sins of the world. If enough people do this, she will keep her promise—Russia will be converted, and we will have peace. If we do not—Russia will spread its errors throughout the world. There will be wars and persecutions and many innocent people will be martyred. We must not fool ourselves by saying it can't happen here. It can! But it *won't* if we pray!"

"I have heard our pastor request the recitation of the rosary for peace," I added. "Does this have anything to do with the Fatima devotions?"

"Yes, I'm sorry I forgot to mention that. The Blessed Virgin also requested that on the first Saturday of each month, the rosary be recited and that the faithful meditate upon its mysteries for fifteen minutes. The rosary, however, is a devotion belonging to the Roman Rite. We say the Akafist, which is a hymn of praise to the Blessed Virgin. I'm sure she likes this as much as the rosary."

His eyes twinkled as he said this and for the first time in my life I realized how universal, how free from prejudice, how *Catholic* Mother Church is.

The red coals of the samovar were dying; people were leaving. I looked at my watch. It was time to go. I extended my hand to the kindly priest who was poking away at the fading coals, trying to bring them to life.

"This has been an interesting morning, Father," I said. "Thank you for giving me so much of your time. I'm sure you must have plenty to do."

"Don't mention it. The pleasure was all ours," he replied shaking my hand. "And as for work, yes, we do have plenty of it. This afternoon we are going to wrap some relief packages for the missions in China, Japan, and the European countries. Our good people bring in canned foods and their discarded clothing and on Fatima Saturday, wrap and mail them."

"China! Japan! European countries!" I said to myself. "Why these people are interested in everybody! They are not selfish! They are not tyrants! They are not even trying to possess the world. They merely wish to help it. Differences in color, nationality, or culture do not matter. These people are a part of a great unit—the Catholic Church. An unshakeable unit that gets its strength from the very fact that it is made up of a diversity of cultures, to paraphrase the words of our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII. In considering nations, it is the diversity of cultures that has made America 'one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.' There's unity in diversity of cultures. That should be a slogan! My headline! Boy, what a story this will make! What a story!"

CAMEOS

By Rosemary Tyler

INERTIA

*Sullen summer afternoon—
Zephyr settles down
And refuses to stir
Until he has had his siesta.*

SURCEASE

*The evening mist
Slips languidly in
And with a sigh
Relaxes into a heavy fog.*

FLIRTATION

*Small clouds
Flit coquettishly
Across the sky
Pursued by a capricious breeze.*

THE CHILDREN OF NEPTUNE

*The waves, night-capped offspring
Of the deep,
Mischievously frisk about
Before sinking to rest.*

SPRING FASHION SHOW

*The valleys and hills
Don their green robes
And vie to please
The Irish Bishop.*

Journey to a Room

By Mary Margaret Schaefer

I hated my Aunt Agatha's front parlor. When I was a little girl, I could never push open the sliding doors and walk in directly from the hall; I had to make a horseshoe detour.

Today, we were visiting my aunt's home for the first time in several years, and I was determined to take the detour into the front parlor. I wanted to see if either of us had changed.

I was glad the rest of the family had congregated upstairs in Aunt Agatha's studio. They would probably want an explanation of my actions. I always found life easier all around when I didn't have to give logical accounts.

I passed through the dining room and kitchen both of which were in a pre-dinner state; then through the sewing room into the back parlor, where my aunt displayed her paper-flower creations and received visitors.

With everyone upstairs I could omit the reluctant exchange of kisses that marked the ritual of greeting. I sat down on a footstool by the pink marble fireplace. I shivered a little as the backs of my legs touched the cold smoothness of the shiny, black leather. Almost automatically I began to pick off bits of the leather where it was worn along the edges, and looked about me. The smoke-white china cat still lay curled in perpetual sleep beneath the bookcase. I can remember a game I used to play with the cat. I would close my eyes, press my fingers against the lids until I could see tiny red dots rushing upward through the blue haze, and then, open my eyes suddenly hoping the cat would open his too. Sometimes I even risked Aunt Agatha's silent roar of disapproval and pulled Rip Van Winkle out by his blue china bow. Unfortunately, I soon ran out of stories in which a sleeping cat was the hero, so Rip stayed under the Waverly novels, companioned by the complete works of Marion Crawford.

Every visit finally reached a moment when Mother and Daddy could hold out no longer. They fell in behind Aunt Agatha and trooped up to her studio to admire the latest artistic efforts, which ranged from sculptures to basket-weaving. Preferring self-torture, I remained downstairs. Eagerly, reluctantly, I would tiptoe toward the draped entrance to the front parlor. When I finally managed to part the heavy forest-green portieres, the prickly cloth scratched my palms.

Just before going into the room I always prayed that a friend of frightened little girls had whisked the bear rug away or destroyed it with a few well-chosen magic words. That never happened. The horrible monster sprawled by the black Morris chair. I fre-

quently had nightmares in which the moth-eaten pelt rose from the floor, in a cloud of dust and pursued me around the huge old house glass eyes gleaming and yellow teeth bared in a snarl. I refused to touch the spiky fur—not even for tons of ice cream in Krispy-Kake cones. No one could reassure me about the rug any more than they could convince me that the concert grand piano wasn't a shiny, black coffin, where my aunt stored all the people the bear-rug killed. I also knew why some of the keys were lower than the rest and wouldn't play; there was a body on them.

I might not have imagined such weird things if there had been more sunlight in the room. Nothing gave me such pleasure as sitting in pools of sunlight; but Aunt Agatha never raised the dark green shades more than a few inches. I realize now that little light could have penetrated the jungle of ferns that grew in hanging baskets and iron stands on the porch in front of the windows. The room, then as now, had a queer, dead smell. I imagined, when I was a little older, that poisonous gas would have the same suffocating odor.

The black mahogany table between the mohair sofa and the windows intrigued me. Its black silk runner was embroidered with two-headed turquoise dragons. A sheik with flaring nostrils and a turban, stared boldly across a squat Indian bowl at a dusky maiden with flowing tresses. On the wall behind them Aunt Agatha had hung one of her significant moon paintings. Dead center was a daffodil-yellow moon the size of a hub cap. In the left foreground two saddled camels stood, riderless beside a pyramid.

To restore propriety several venerable forbears peered puritanically from their gilt frames. Aunt Agatha had immortalized them according to her reaction to family gossip. Unfortunately most of them were rumored to be conservative, a trait of character which Aunt Agatha refused to tolerate. The facial expressions varied, but every ancestor had red hair. It is a matter of biological history that they didn't, but Aunt Agatha considered red hair "arty".

Uncle Martin's stern gaze used to terrify me, before I discovered that his right eyebrow quirked in a most appealing manner. Besides I learned that this wayfaring Uncle had been found dead on a river bank in Alaska. Anyone who ended that way must have been interesting. Grandmother Hesseltree looked like a chip off Plymouth Rock, but I suspect the stiffness was the result of Aunt Agatha's disapproving Camel's hair brush.

I often found myself wondering if Uncle Martin, Grandmother Hesseltree, and their canvas cohorts laughed at my attitude toward their present four-walled home. Or were they hurt? Maybe they remembered pleasant times in the days when the bear rug was yawning itself into the spring sunshine. Maybe they liked my Aunt Agatha's front parlor. Who knows?

The Leavening

By Ruth Kuntz

Earl Donegan jumped out of the cab of "Big Bertha" and stomped the river mud from his shoes. The gravel in the driveway running past the field office crunched under his feet and filled him with irritation at the sound. "Porkchops," the office mascot, trotted out from somewhere behind the building and wig-wagged his long white tail in a message of greeting.

"Hi, pooch," said Earl, bending down to scratch the long, low dog behind his floppy, brown ears. Porkchops pirouetted rapturously and presented his lame front paw. The office door banged open and Brady stood in the doorway watching Earl play with the dog.

"Get it fixed, Earl?" The way Brady said it, with his typical Yonker accent Earl sounded more like "oil."

"Yeah?" At the sound of the new voice, Earl jumped to his feet, spinning in the loose gravel and causing the dog to yelp in surprise. The voice, which belonged to Joe DiNardo, held a threat and a challenge.

Earl eyed the burly fellow up and down; his face and neck were a dull red, and his big hands clenched convulsively. He balanced on the balls of his feet like a diver about to take leave of a spring board. "Yeah!" he answered, his tone quiet, but vibrant.

"Boys, boys!" Brady worried between them, his little pudgy hands on the arm of each. "Let's not have any trouble. The truck's all fixed, and nobody's got anything to get mad at."

Earl settled back on his heels and shrugged his muscled shoulders. "Okay, Brady, okay. Only I just don't happen to like repairing trucks that some dumb dago without any brains is going to wreck all over again." He turned on his heel and walked toward the office.

Joe growled and lunged at Earl, but Brady was in the way and Earl stalked on into the building. The time-keeper sat at the high wooden desk filling out his master time sheet. He didn't look up when Earl slammed the door, nor again when Earl slapped his time sheet on the desk in front of him. Bosco was used to Earl's temper and troublesome attitude toward the Italian workers. He picked up the blue paper and started entering its figures on his own master sheet.

"What's wrong, Earl? Having trouble?" Bosco looked up finally. Earl stood rubbing his hands over the little bellied stove in the middle of the room. He shifted uncomfortably from one foot to the other, and cleared his throat.

"A little. Nothing unusual. You know, Bosco," Earl was gaining

a little composure, "if the rest of those—guys—were as white as you,—" Earl stopped abruptly.

"They're no different from me, Earl." Bosco turned back to his desk, shoulders stooped slightly. It always came to this. The rest of the fellows on the job wouldn't believe that he was no different from the other Italians. He tried a little harder to get along, perhaps, or maybe it was because he didn't go around with a chip on his shoulder, but at any rate, he never ran into the difficulties as the rest of the Italian workers did. He never thought of being any different; consequently, he never was.

"I'm sorry, Bosco, but—you aren't the same, that's all." Earl tried to defend his statement. He turned back to the stove and the silence grew oppressive. When he could stand the stillness no longer, Earl walked out of the office and into the yard. His day was officially over, but, mechanic as he was, he couldn't go home without inspecting the progress made on the D-7 which had been towed there after a turn-over on the river bank. The master mechanic was bending over one of the dismantled cats, while the welder worked on the gears within the tractor.

"Hey, Mac!" Earl walked up to the master mechanic.

"Oh! How's everything, Earl?" Mac straightened, smiling up at the taller man. "Quite a job here, eh? We'll be done by eight, though. Soon as Fitzpatrick finishes the welding, I can assemble the cat and pull it over into the dispatcher's yard. Look all right to you?" Mac turned with an almost paternal pride to the immense tractor that appeared strangely vulnerable with its one side dismantled, showing the array of mechanical devices that gave it its tremendous power.

Earl followed the sweep of his arm. "Who wrecked it?" he asked.

"Mario." Mac's face had been cheerful up to now, but suddenly a frown hovered over his drawn eyebrows.

"Might have known," Earl muttered. "These dagos are too dumb to do anything but labor. They can't even drive trucks, much less bulldozers. I just finished Big Bertha this afternoon. I wish there were some way we could get rid of their whole gang."

"Same here. They're just costing the company a lot of money, and us a lot of time and trouble."

"I nearly tied into Joe, today. He can't get sarcastic with me and get away with it. Why, I'll tear him in little—"

Earl closed his mouth on the last few words. Joe was walking towards them, apparently looking for something. He gave the two mechanics a cursory glance, then spat, very deliberately, just short of Earls foot. The insult quivered in the air. Fitzpatrick, who was putting his welding rods away, paused with one hand grotesquely reaching for a small tool. After a second, he hurriedly grabbed the tool, thrust it in his kit, and darted for his pick-up.

Mac's face was white. Earl just stood as though his feet had suddenly dropped anchors deep into the subsoil. Joe, a little frightened at his own audacity, started backing away. A thin, apologetic smile played weakly with the corners of his mouth. He tripped over a wrench lying on the ground, turned, and fled among the parked machinery. Earl and Mac laughed at his precipitous departure and the tension eased.

Earl turned to the older man. "Look, Mac, why don't you go home for a change? The family will be waiting and besides, you were here until eleven last night. I'll finish this up."

Mac tried to refuse the offer, but the temptation was too strong. He was tired, bone tired. And Earl didn't have a family like Mac. "All right," he agreed at last, picking up his tools with a new spurt of energy.

Earl turned to the work before him. Mac hurried down the gravel drive toward his car. The growing twilight deepened and grew more still. When Bosco left the office, the only sounds audible in the dark were the metallic rings as Earl worked on the tractor, joined by Porkchops' frenzied barking as he chased a cottontail through the weeds back of the office.

Earl pulled the arc light over to the tractor, attaching it to the radiator cap, so that, when lit, its rays would shine directly on the bared machinery. He went into the garage to turn on the light and, seeing a deeper shadow among those in a far corner, peered into the darkness. The shadow came forward sheepishly.

"What are you doing in here, Joe?" Earl was surprised and a bit wary to see the fellow there.

"Nothing," Joe answered. "I was looking for a glove I lost, that's all." Earl grunted, too busy looking for the light switch to answer. When he had located it, and flooded his working area with light, he faced Joe, a questioning expression on his face. Maybe he could get the fellow to help him, and he'd get done a lot sooner.

"Are you in a big hurry to get home?" he asked.

"No, not exactly. Do you need some help?" Joe seemed eager to stay.

"I could use some, if you want to stick around." Earl, walking back to the tractor, was a bit uncertain whether Joe could really help him. He seemed to want to, but from the stories circulating on the job, and from what Earl knew, or thought he knew, Joe was a trouble-maker, always doing the wrong thing. However, the eager expression reflecting Joe's will to be of services, encouraged Earl to explain what he wanted. "So as I thread the cat on the lugs, you keep pulling forward steadily, but slowly, and watch me all the time. The instant I raise my hand, stop. And don't start up again until I give the signal."

Joe nodded solemnly, and climbed up into the seat of the D-7.

He starting the motor, letting it idle while Earl prepared to fasten the cat to the first lug. The huge machine trembled as the lugs rolled into place on the cat.

"Whoa!" Earl shouted, his arm high in the air. Joe halted. "Okay, ease it out slow!" Earl had bent back to the task of getting the lugs in their proper place. One slipped out suddenly, and Earl's arm flew up. Joe stopped once more, and waited patiently while Earl arjusted the tread. His "Go ahead!" allowed the tractor to resume its forward motion. But the lug was still slipping out. Thinking to catch it before it really worked out of place again, Earl thrust his wrench into the rolling machinery. A gear caught it, bounced it off, and Earl's arm was suddenly thrown into contact with the big wheel. His sleeve caught and the machinery dragged his arm into the gears. Although in the excitement he had forgotten to signal Joe, the man on top sensed that something was amiss. Glancing down, he saw the horrible danger and jumped onto the brake. The tractor stopped abruptly, just before the cat caught in the next lug. Earl twisted and pulled. His arm, however, was held fast. It had narrowly escaped being mashed in the gears, but it could not be extricated without reversing the machine. This, too, would crush his arm. Joe leapt from the seat and put his efforts to pulling Earl's trapped arm free.

"It's no use, Joe, it won't come loose. You'll have to reverse it."

"Earl, I can't!" Joe was horrified. "If I do, it'll crush your arm!"

"Well, I can't stay here forever, can I? I have to get loose someway, and the only way is to go either forwards or backwards." Earl accepted his predicament courageously, but his forehead glistened with the struggle to face what lay ahead. His rapid inspection of the situation convinced him of its hopelessness. Joe, however, was not so ready to admit defeat.

"Look, Earl," he said, "the gear that's holding you is attached to that rod in there." He pointed to a heavy steel structure just beyond the width of the cat. "If I can get enough leverage by standing on these other rods here and here"—he pointed to two other rods on either side of the first one—"I can reach down and tug on that one near the gear and by pulling up and in, I think it'll clear enough so that you can get your hand loose. It'll be a tight squeeze, but you tug hard enough, and it'll come out."

"Why, man, you're crazy!" Earl had been shaking his head all through Joe's plan, and now he smiled at its ridiculousness. "If that gear shaft weighs a pound, it weighs three hundred. You can't lift that!"

Joe had already climbed to the two rods he had shown Earl, and assumed a position over the main gear.

"All set?" he inquired. Earl protested more strongly, but Joe asked again, "All set?"

Mumbling under his breath at "crazy, dumb dagos" and including all of their probable and improbable ancestors in the general declamation, Earl braced himself for the sudden jerk that Joe believed would free him.

"Let's go!" Joe bent over and circled the gear shaft firmly with his big hands. As he pulled steadily, but slowly upward, his face turned red, purple, and black with the tremendous effort. The shaft resisted stubbornly. Joe increased the force on it. The shaft groaned a little; Joe felt it release a fraction. He pulled harder. His head swam with the effort and there was a sudden searing pain between his shoulders. The gear raised a tiny bit.

"Pull!" Joe gritted out between his clenched teeth. Earl gave a mighty pull, and fell backward. Joe dropped the shaft with a thud. He tried to straighten up, but the pain in his back caused his head to whirl. He lost his balance, fell, and rolled off the machine to the ground.

Earl, who had been stretching his released arm in joy, and shouting at the top of his lungs to Joe that he was free, now noticed that Joe was lying motionless. He flung himself down by the unconscious man and tried to raise him. Joe opened his eyes, and groaned.

"Don't touch me, Earl," he implored. "I strained my back and I can't seem to move without needles sticking into me all over and clear through."

"Holy smoke, Joe, you didn't break it, did you?" Earl's forehead creased with concern.

"No, just a sprain, I think. Better call the doc, though. I can't seem to move at all. How's the arm?"

"Fine, wonderful! Oh, Joe, it's perfect!" Earl shouted this, his voice exultant, while racing to the office and the telephone. When he succeeded in reaching the company doctor, he could hardly contain himself.

"Doc?" he started. "Better come down to the field office on the job right away. Sprained back, I think. It's not broken."

"Sure, its important; he's one of the big ones."

"No, not the boss. I said he was a *big* guy, one of the biggest, swellest guys I know."

"Okay! I'll be with him."

Earl ran back to Joe, his off-key whistle tearing the air to vibrant shreds.

"Hey, you dumb dago, how ya doing?"

"Just fine, you big, dumb Irishman, just fine." Joe grinned. The two men broke into gales of delighted laughter, one rubbing his arm gingerly, the other clutching at the gravel beneath him as his back protested painfully.

A NUN

By Marylou O'Connor

*The black and white of her habit
Are the keys in the piano of her life.
They are the notes of the music she plays.
The clink of her beads and their cross
Set the beat and the tempo of the theme.
The Crucifix is the cymbal
Whose crash is the climax.
Together these make her Concerto,
Her Eternal Symphony.*

TO MODERN ART

By Marylou O'Connor

*I like poems of timeless things—
A kite in the breeze—
The wind in the trees—
The lullaby of tireless bees.*

*I like things enjoyed before—
A horseback ride—
The countryside—
Mountain lakes, a friendship tried.*

*I like pictures of things I've seen—
A farmer's cart—
A Valentine heart—
Golden treasures of ancient art.*

Creative Writing

"The Story Form," by Robinson and Hull

Reviewed by Carol Sebastian

This is not a book that can be reviewed chapter by chapter. It must be seen as a whole. *Creative Writing* is the product of the collaboration of two assistant professors of English at the University of Columbia, Mabel L. Robinson, Ph.D. and Helen Hull, Ph.D.

Among the points highlighted one finds the following directives: Write about something you have experienced or seen, employ the senses, make the characters live and use dialogue to reveal the nature of your characters. Your own life is rich in story material. By changing the circumstances and altering the names and places of people you have met but retaining the essential characteristics. We all can make a story out of our own lives.

It has often been said, "Oh, if I only had an idea!" *Creative Writing* does not answer the question of how one gets an idea but it does suggest that the story writer pick an incident out of his life e. g. a forest fire he has witnessed, or a flood, or an exciting personality etc. and build it up, always keeping in mind the fiction value of such a story.

Make the characters real. Make them hear sounds, smell good food, talk intelligently. Use dialogue to reveal their natures. But one thing is certain. All the preceding may be put into a story but if there is no detail, the story will fall flat. The detail does not have to be long or descriptive. It should be clear, concise and interesting. It should make the characters live.

Creative Writing is a must for anyone who is seriously considering writing. The book is written in a simple, free flowing style. It is easy to comprehend and gives many helpful hints about this creative art.

Do You?

By Carol Sebastian

When you attend the symphony, do you talk to your neighbor? Does the orchestra play second fiddle to your chattering? Do your domestic problems take precedence over the music? If such is the case—Beware! This may happen to you.

The house was sold out. The S. R. O. sign had been down for an hour. The thundering crescendo of Wagner held the audience in awe—that is all but the two ladies in the fourteenth row. They were oblivious to everything around them except themselves. The greater the volume the louder their shouts. The climactic crescendo burst into a crashing sforzando—then abrupt silence. From the fourteenth row a clear voice bellowed, "Well, I fry mine in lard."

FROLIC

By Nat Rohe

*Let's sit up on top of a zephyr
And dangle our toes in the clouds.
We could play that we're all by ourselves
In the beauty that music enshrouds.*

*Let's laugh while we frolic up there.
We can run over forests and leas.
Shall we handspring and prance in the grasslands
And splash through the rivers and seas?*

*Let's sing with the birds of the air
And dance with the fairies and elves.
We can hide with the stars after dawn
Up there on a breeze by ourselves.*

*Let's thrill in each breath of this joy
Of freedom so mingled with mirth,
Then put it aside in our pleasure
And slide down the sunbeams to earth.*

FAREWELL

By Phyllis Kirby

*The ocean's grasping fingers
Reach for the sand,
Crying the song of the sea.
Our restless fire roars defiantly
As its red fangs snap the wood.
Each pounding rumble brings water near
Too soon—a monstrous wave retreats,
Each dying ember flickers
Its farewell.*

THE CRUCIFIED

By Bernice Long

*I met my Lord in a filthy street
There were no shoes upon His feet.
His ragged clothes could scarcely hide
The open wound in His sacred side.
Why is it here that we should meet
In this crowded, sultry, dirty street?
Why was He here with these crucified?
For the least of these the Saviour died.*

Are We Superior?

By Mary Joan Pappas

When I was a few years old I told my Mother one day that the lady next to me had forgotten to wash her face. There was complete silence on the streetcar as Mother explained to me that she wasn't dirty, but had a different colored skin which was the only difference between us.

Shortly afterwards I moved to a small town. The population did not include even one colored family and racial problems did not exist for us. I grew up therefore without prejudice but also without any sincere conviction of equality. Three years ago I entered the only interracial school of nursing in the United States, and for the first time I faced the question objectively. Is there really a difference between white and colored peoples?

The first day we, the new student nurses, were scheduled for physical examinations, chest x-rays and special laboratory tests. The first department we entered was radiology. The x-ray technician was a tall, thin colored fellow. I was ill at ease, but after one look at his friendly smile, I relaxed. He handed us our "glamour togs," long white drapes that hung shapelessly from our necks to ankles, and called us the "new slave labor." How could anyone be prejudiced after experiencing friendliness like that?

A few months later I was suffering from an impacted wisdom tooth. The director made all medical appointments and when she asked me whether I would object to a colored dentist, for a moment or two I didn't know what to say. Finally, I stammered out a weak "No." I had heard that Negroes were clean enough when white people kept after them but when put on their own it was a different story. After one look at the dentist's spotless office, however, I knew better. When the ordeal was over, I gave him my home address for the bill. He dropped the paper in the waste basket, murmuring the familiar phrase, "professional courtesy." I recalled then my roommate's bill of forty dollars from a white dentist for a simpler extraction than mine.

By this time I was becoming more and more aware of Negroes as individuals and realized that never again could I speak of them as "they."

Three o'clock one morning a distraught father carried his son into the emergency room. In a short while the intern made the diagnosis of ruptured appendix. The man did not have a family physician, and so I called the front office to see who was available in the building. Only one doctor could come immediately and he was, fortunately, a surgeon. With the most important problem solved I gave little thought to anything but getting the child ready as

quickly as possible. The doctor came in to meet the parents and offer them a few reassuring words before surgery began. The mother grabbed my arm after he had hurried out and exclaimed, "But, he's black!" Yes, he was black, but he also had two hands, intelligence, and skill. Hours later, when the child was taken to his room and all of us knew his condition was satisfactory, could I have looked at that colored surgeon's weary face, and believed myself superior? Could that child's mother? Could you?

On Smiles

By Marjorie O'Hanlon

How has the course of history been directed by the strategic use of the smile? The smile is a weapon that I boldly surmise has won more kingdoms than the power of the sword and the atom bomb combined and multiplied by three.

In my scientific ignorance and biological innocence I naively presume that the first countenance to be graced with a smile was that of Adam when he awoke and beheld Eve. Some people might think Adam smiled when he saw the Garden of Eden, but I maintain that no man could smile before woman was created.

Preceding any further peregrinations of my imagination, I will define my terms in the words of Mr. Webster. According to him, a smile is "a change of facial expression involving a brightening of the eyes and an upward curving of the corners of the mouth, expressive of amusement, pleasure, affection, irony, derision, etc. . . ."

Now, to revert to the ages B.C., perhaps the next historically important appearance of this facial expression was on the face of Cain when his jealousy came to an active end. His smile must have been a combination of the one "expressive of . . . derision" and the one "expressive of . . . etc." Cain's eyes brightened, I dare say, but not with the light commonly attributed to a smile. It was the brightness of envy—a green brightness.

Several years later, when the earth was rather damp—this being a natural result of forty days and forty nights of constant rain—Mr. Noah surely had an upward curving of the corners of his mouth at the sight of the rainbow, tied like a ribbon around the sky. And although I'm not sure which it could have been, some one of his descendants must have gotten a giggle out of the looks of confusion and amazement on the faces of those men building the Tower of Babel when one said, "*Donnes-moi un marteau, s'il vous plaît,*" and his co-worker answered, "*Gesundheit.*" But *allons*—to a memory . . .

A subsequent historical occurrence frequently fascinated me when I was a child conning bible history. It was the story of Moses and the Red Sea. I can see the picture now of the waves rearing back like frightened mares and Moses proudly passing through, followed by his people. This story always propelled a happy thrill up the prominent ridge on the back of my scapula, and slide a smile onto my frontal physiognomy. But if it made *me* happy, how much more so Moses, who actually walked between the wet lips of the sea and watched them swallow the pursuing Egyptians.

Some years later, in the general geographic vicinity of the well-known seven-hilled city, another famous smile is recorded. It was in the year that Rome burned and Nero, like Casey's band, played on. Regardless of date or authenticity of details, the cynical leer on the emperor's face must have been priceless. I wager the piece he was playing was the first "hot music" for violin recorded in musical history.

By the above historical and scholarly narrative, therefore, it is indicated that the ancient period of history (strange that we should call it "ancient" when it tells of mankind when just a boy!) was not totally devoid of smiles in their multitudinous variety.

The question now arises, "What about the Middle Ages?"—those *dark* ages" buried and obliterated by their unhappy acquisition of that misplaced and misleading appellation *dark*. Didn't the people smile at that time, or was it just too dark for their smiles to be seen? That should not be, for heat is accompanied by light, and the warmth generated by the smiles of such an age must have been chaperoned by sufficient light so that the darkness would at least be *semi*. Perhaps the darkness is found in the mind and in the eyes of the historians who consequently cannot see the light. They missed the expressions on the faces of the painters and writers, the musicians and sculptors, the architects and carpenters, and in the eyes of the monks and nuns who preserved (for which service I am duly grateful) the literary, historic and artistic heritage of what to them was "the past" but to us is ancient history.

Besides recognizing the felicity derived from the satisfaction of work well done, I enjoy ruminating over the captivating possibilities for smiles in monastic life of the time. What of Brother Pancratius, the monastery sage, who composed clever Latin witticisms for the diversion of his Brothers. Or what of Brother Chrysogonus, the "artistic" comedian of the scriptorium who, when his hand was still from penning Latin script, fabricated forms (drew cartoons, in modern parlance,) on the edge of his scratch parchment. These things, too, are conducive of smiles.

In the years known as the Renaissance, presumably most of us will agree that the masterpieces of art were both the result of and the cause of smiles: Would you say that Michael Angelo frowned as he stepped back to view his work? I doubt it—unless it was

while the poor fellow was working on a one-foot plank suspended in the Sistine Chapel!

To proceed—witness the Elizabethan smile; or to extend the field, the Shakespearean smile. Transversing from the Elizabethan to the Shakespearean is in actuality more of a broadening than a limitation, for this versatile dramatist has included within an ace every type of facial manifestation on almost every type of human exteriority.

The smiles of his characters are profuse, *par example*: Through the words of Hamlet he expostulates upon the fact "That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain . . ." Please take note of the fact that one may not just ". . . smile, and be a villain . . ." but one must ". . . *smile, and smile* . . ." to be a villain. I have speculated without success as to the significance of the second or prolonged smile in connection with villainy. My only conclusion is that it is not ". . . that smile we would aspire to . . .," nor is the one found on ". . . the prince of fiends, . . . with his smirched complexion . . ."

By the unique and economical process of eliminating all of the years intervening between the age of Shakespeare and the age of Louis B. Mayer, we have the questionable privilege of witnessing the contemporary smile. As to form, it is divided under headings of the smirk, the leer, the sneer, the simper, and the grin. The last of these, with a slight shove, is frequently promoted to a more active state, such as a "giggle, titter, snicker, snigger, crow, cheer, chuckle, shout, guffaw, or peal of laughter." (Thank you, Mr. Roget.)

This concomitant species is the smile depicted on the billboards in the toothpaste ads—wide and handsome, but not very high nor deep. It is the smile that the photographer has to pry out of his victims and which turns out to be a glossy combination somewhere between a sneer and a smirk. The same smile (?) could be produced with less effort by the simple method of taking half a teaspoon of castor then baring your teeth.

The smile of a professor with an over-loaded class, as he hands out exams that no average son of Adam could pass, is a contemporary smile tinged, at least, with the diabolical—there's no love there.

These are some of the average American smiles of our day—common, glaring, scientific, and saturated with mediocrity. It is not the smile itself that we moderns concern ourselves with, not the feeling in the eyes nor the gentle generosity of the mouth. Seldom it is these. We worry about the whiteness of the teeth within the smile, the redness of the lips around the smile, the geometric arch of the eyebrow roofing the eyes, which should of themselves generate the warmth.

Today although we have this mediocrity of "smilery" it is not without its high points of intensity and goodness. There still remain the children—the daisy chain whose links serve as the only continuous connection relating the generations of smiles throughout history. We have the mother's smile which follows the birth of her child; the father's smile—radiant—proud as his son receives his degree; the doctor's smile as his patient's pulse steadies; the lover's smile as he finds himself giving; the fiancée's smile—a glow from within. These are the morning glories, the daisies, and the larkspur in the smile kingdom—perennial, basic, springing from searching roots and outreaching life.

I have neglected to include some of the most famous specific smiles in history—recent or remote, fact or fictional—that should not rightly be overlooked: The grin on the face of the Cheshire cat; the smile on the lips of Mona Lisa; the smile in the eyes of the Irish; the smiling valleys, meadows, and skies found in the Romantic Poets; the one on the "smile-tuned lips" referred to by Mrs. Browning, and, to bring it up to date, the surprised smile on the face of Mr. Truman on November 3, of last year.

CARAVAN

Rosemary Tyler

A SULTAN'S CARAVAN

*Mountains, seen vaguely
Through the haze, arc
Gigantic dromedaries, bedecked
In Imperial trappings.*

PROCESSION

*The solemn grandeur
Of a summer night—
Stars pass by, deliberately,
With regal pomp and pageantry.*

PLAGIARIST

*With blithe impudence
The gay brigande
Pours forth melodic treasures
To mock his victims.*

Daughter of Depression

By Harriet Weaver

A Phi Beta Kappa Prize Winning Essay

While I was not born with the proverbial silver spoon in my mouth, mine was at least silver-plated. The difficulty was it bore no guarantee—for the silver wore off. I subsequently learned while brass has a bitter taste, it nevertheless, has an enduring quality and a sheen of rare beauty; though in degree greater than the more precious silver, it needs persistent refining and polishing to bring out its luster.

In losing then, the component of a life of luxury, I have gained its equivalent in a more eventful mode of living. Though money is a resilient shock-absorber of life's ills, it cannot do everything. With it you may starve, spiritually; without it you may starve, physically. It may be a creator of future environment but never can it buy for you experience, knowledge, culture—those indescribable requisites which are fuel for an abundant life.

I was born in a small town, a town known as the "White Spot" of prosperity. My parents, music lovers, literary enthusiasts, educational zealots, congenital travelers and adventurers endowed me with a remarkable heritage. America may be the melting pot of the world; I am the fusion point for many and diverse races.

My paternal forbears, girded with righteousness and cloaked with Puritanism, stiffly crested the dark Atlantic in that first epochal mobilization for freedom. From the crags of Wales, the soft slopes of England, and the low lands of Holland, they came. For ten generations they fought, pioneered, and carried on.

My maternal forbears are closer to the European motherland. My mother is of the first generation born here. Her father, a mixture of English, Irish, and Scotch, came in a sailboat as a child and roved hither and yon throughout the Americas. Her mother, Latin three-fold, came later in a stately "Buque del Mar."

This heritage of old world blood and new world environment gives me a complex and intricate background. One thing was common to them all—Latin, Celt, Puritan—that sturdy and indomitable will of the Pioneer. Those who sailed the seas touched land; those who traversed the plains saw the seas.

Naturally, the purity of purpose, the clarity of vision, the travail of fulfillment left an indelible influence on succeeding generations,

Our home life reflected warm friendships, love, and tolerance. No racial prejudices here, no bigoted narrow ideas; instead, sincere interest in the lives and happiness of others. Music, art, books, travel, people—these were our joys.

From the time I could talk, I was treated as an adult. My education began in complete association with people. My parents always included me in their travels. We saw America first, then portions of Mexico and Canada. I responded nobly to long train rides, to boat trips; I browsed through museums, art galleries, and fascinating stores. My opera-loving mother sat me in solemn state at matinees. Some answering chord made it possible for me to enjoy the glitter and pomp, the thrills and "bravas"—especially the "bravas." Most of all I loved the ballets—Pavalova, like a sprite, almost within touch; Argentina, exotic, pleading with her castanets. Why, I was Argentina!

In brief, my mother indulged me and cultivated in me the sense of the beautiful, not alone in material things, but in those finer, spiritual qualities of mind and heart. I am deeply grateful to her for her gifts; for the stern test of the sea and the plains is upon me. I am caught in the storm of a changing world. Without my mother's gifts I could possibly be happier; possessing them I am not unhappy. Such is the paradox my life has become, for, in my generation, I am the daughter of the depression.

In the spring of nineteen hundred and thirty we were living in our home in Hollywood, an attractive, pleasant, establishment. Life moved smoothly. I enjoyed all that goes to make an American girl contented. Full of adolescent dreams I was. I studied voice with youthful exuberance; I should some day be a renowned concert singer. Perhaps I should be the great American Bernhardt. I vowed that I should sing in opera before I was eighteen; a tremendous goal, fortuitously, if insignificantly, accomplished. For a year I sang with one of the major opera choruses of the city, acting as a maid-in waiting, gypsy, sword carrier, or whatever the opus demanded. The excitement of an opera star's life fired me with adolescent hope. I, too, would drink from that delectable cup of liquid, that effervescent nectar, Fame!

Instead, I am a potential social worker with literary yearning.

I came home one day to a strange house, a house bereft of music, laughter, light. My father explained to me that we must move; that my school, my music, my parties, my trips must stop—"Only for awhile, dear." I understood. At that moment my cloak of youth fell to the ground leaving me stark naked in the bitter realization that life is no "one glad song."

II

Through a family connection I was given an opportunity to work in a large department store, assisting generally, in whatever task presented itself. No glamour here; the excitement of a first paycheck was overbalanced by the fact that the telephone bill had to be paid; that my sheer chiffon stockings were not wearing well through the pushing, pulling store crowds. It dawned upon me that a dollar and a quarter luncheon was one half of a day's wages. I learned to make a ham sandwich and a cup of tea stave my hunger.

I discovered that people in offices, in stores, in shops, are actual people—the same kind of people from which I came. They were not automatons or robots; they thought, they played, they did everything I did, only tantalizingly better. I learned that they were tolerant, kindly, helpful. They taught me to live.

Our new family quarters were crowded, stuffy, and on the "wrong side of the tracks." Yet they gave me my real friends. A few of the old friends, less financially unfortunate than we, deserted us, but I learned that they were no loss. The necessary refusals to attend gay functions—teas, matinees, riding parties, all brought about an inevitable cutting off. "Oh! it won't cost more than a couple of dollars, dear!" A couple of dollars! With which I might purchase a much needed slip, or a pair of sturdy oxfords.

As the invitations decreased so did the note of wishfulness in my voice. Instead, a note of annoyance settled there—not because of the decrease in the invitations, but at the stupidity of the sweet young things who continued to include me. Couldn't they see? I might be working for fun, for the "bang" of it as they would say; but surely I would not live in such a back-street quarters for any reason other than necessity.

I gave up trying to explain and I gave up trying to accept. Even small home gatherings led me to embarrassment, either because of the usual cry of "Let's go some place!" or because someone would always make me a guest. At first I tried the nonchalant philosophy of, "Well, why not, she can afford it." But pride cannot afford it.

My escorts these days were not the familiar "debutante's man" type. For the men of my acquaintance did not react too well in the matter of loyalty. The period of "flowers and candy" was over. Those who had once figuratively "pined" for my heart and hand conveniently went out of town, or more conveniently lost my phone number and ceased dating a maiden who could not dress for the occasion. As long as my wardrobe from the better shops lasted, so did my alleged "better-dates." However, Billy soon wearied of

the white formal, and Vince frankly informed me he wanted girls to be dressed "up to the minute." Billy went out of town; Vincent went down with the "flu!"

Gradually, my interests drifted from the social. At night school I pursued varied subjects which appealed to me at the moment. Without cost, the library offered unusual programs on any subject from peeling potatoes to the Lost Continent of Atlanta. Here I was wont to run into my new "Astore" acquaintances. I fell into the habit of joining them on visits to school and free entertainment centers. In time I had a new circle of friends about me to whom I need not explain my financial status, who took it and myself for granted. The girls were like other girls I had known, except that they had better understanding, wider knowledge.

The men didn't buy orchids or gardenias but they treated you as though you had a mind and favored you with conversation which excluded how many alcoholic beverages they had consumed the night before, or how many girls were in love with them, and other scintillating subjects about themselves. Compared with my former friends, they danced just as well, they had far superior manners, and above all, they had an aim in life—that thing which I suddenly realized was so lacking in myself. All my misty dreams about the opera, the theatre—was it possible they were nothing more than childish ego? Not only possible; it was true.

Exhibitionist that I was, it had never occurred to me that to be a personality one need not be a celebrity. Nor had I realized how much I cherished the thought of being the object of admiring eyes, merely as a ridiculously self-centered little egoist. Pleasant to sing, yes, but why not lend your efforts to the Community Music Group? As for the theatre, amateur workshops were interesting and enlightening. Through these two mediums of expression I lost a futilely cherished vocation and found a vitally interesting vocation. I met people, some strange and weird, others simple and wholesome, yet still people. Seemingly they all had a purpose; they all had an aim! I was without either. I knew I should like to finish preparatory school and go to college; beyond that I failed to see. But there was one thought which slowly penetrated my brain. I knew I should work toward something, though I did not know what. In this hapless manner I drifted along. My guileless trust regarding judgments of others wore down; I could see past a pair of well groomed hands, to a melodic speaking voice or a cleft chin. There was more to people than appearance; there was more to Life than Flesh Pots.

I held the thought that I should like to do better, make more money. It was easy to see that my youth would long have passed before I should reach any of the "positions" in the company for

which I toiled. Obviously, I should learn how to do something, and do it well, in a field that was not over-crowded. When I had finished preparatory school I would attend college—not attend college to have a date book full of fascinating fraternity men, but attend college to prepare myself for a paying position in the world. Each possible profession I examined thoroughly. No adolescent dreams here; rather, cold calculation! I grew materialistic.

I needed to work, to make money, not for my own pleasure, but for the welfare of my father and mother and young brother. Over a year went by; the struggles continued. Light bills had to be met; unexpected toothaches spoiled possibilities of new clothes; rents were going up. Yet I could still laugh. Laughter dispelled the dark clouds, lightened the burdens. My sense of humor, grown dormant, asserted itself. Youth, cursed for awhile, revived, struggled on; the tension was released. I had learned to look upon my new existence as a frontier—a frontier of unbalanced proportions which I must conquer, by which I must not be defeated!

III

One day a telegram gave impetus to my hopes and dreams. An aunt in a distant state was offering me a year of schooling, free, gratis, warning me that it takes an intelligent person to adjust himself to strange environment. Within a week I had boarded an East going train, but to discover the West!

The school was in a remote section of our great Southwest. The majesty and uncompromising grandeur of nature appalled me. The naive and simple manner of my new acquaintances was refreshing. My whole experience amongst these young rural students was healing and soothing. The year which followed was the salvation of my youth. Only then did I realize how brittle I had become. I had lost resiliency, buoyancy. I knew this when I saw these sons and daughters of the soil, these unfashionable and alien young westerns, exuberant with life and vitality. They were frivolous and frolicsome. In attempting to imitate them I was giddy; I romped cheerfully, but with restraint. I could not forget the pain of my instep at the end of a sale day, nor the weariness which comes from bolstering up discouraged parents, nor the disillusionment and drudgery of the past months.

Besides gaining a much coveted high school diploma and the "Elixir of youth," this year gave me an insight into a new world, a world primitive in its aspect where life was reduced to the essential necessities, food, shelter, warmth. A world where man battled for these essentials, where woman wove and spun and prayed through the long, harsh winter. Like a page from a forgotten past

this pastoral life opened before me, almost Biblical in its significance. Life was simple, natural; poverty itself had dignity.

Wiser, more thoughtful, and infinitely more adult, I returned home. Conditions were much as I had left them with perhaps a more noticeable scarcity in positions. My job at the store had long been taken, and the family friends with "pull" had been exhausted. For nearly a year I drifted—selling, typing, singing in a show, extra work in pictures, caring for children—doing anything that came my way. When there was no paying employment for me I worked for the Community Chest; I gave my services to a Children's hospital. I did anything to keep up my morale. Often my so-called charitable acts caused me a good four or five mile hike for lack of carfare. Utterly ironical, if not amusing, were the diversified receptions one met as a Community Chest solicitor. No one could tell me how "Times are hard;" that, "We don't have the money this year;" or, "You girls don't know what it is to be hard up." I knew these answers not only by heart but from the heart.

When to such people I explained my own predicament I usually struck a responding note and my task ended successfully. The work at the Children's Hospital taught me that no handicap need be too large to overcome. As I occupied myself I gained vantage ground. My aim was taking on definite form. By the close of Spring, nineteen hundred and thirty-four, I had, determined to enter college, then and there, immediately! How I had no notion. Only my faith was monumental, my determination unswerving. Came a family parley, the juggling of meager funds. I entered summer session.

By the end of the term I had made arrangements to work my way through a college course. A year's idleness had convinced me that there would be no work for the untrained. Now Time should be harnessed, put to work. I should learn to help and serve others, scientifically. I knew distress and poverty from the practical side. I should learn it from the academic side, combine the two and give my findings to those who were fighting what I had fought, what I still fight—not a broken, but a splintered spirit.

Thus, I find myself attending college, studying, among other subjects, poverty, unemployment, family life, sickness, child welfare, education, depression, in relation to society. I find myself with a conglomerate group of girls—some petted darlings, some scholarly students, some strugglers even as I, each looking ahead to a place in the world. I am able to speak their language. I can chat idly of clothes and men, profoundly unintelligibly, on the principles of secondary education, or earnestly on how many hours I had worked this week.

I can smile at their glamorous talk of the future, but I do not;

it is easier to slide into their picture. Life is still roseately pink to most of them. I dare not discolor it prematurely. Perhaps it will always be pink to the petted darlings of financial security who will steadily become more smug. To the scholars it will become more intense, to the strugglers, more zealous. "How dull," I think them, as they live without concept of how life shall buffet them. Perhaps I have acquired a touch of cynicism. I think not; I know not. Those black-eyed Mexican foundlings in the hospital have immunized me from that. Not while I have the zest for rehabilitation; not while I can think of the other person's troubles, instead of mine.

I have hated being poor, I have rebelled, raged, ranted. I have wept until my eyes were swollen shut. I have broken dishes and thrown books in fury. I have become ill with hysteria, but that is *finis*. I remember that I am a daughter of pioneers, that I am pioneering in the most vivid and intricate era of the ages, at the strangest of frontiers. I thank God for my kind of life—a life that has taught me endurance, service, tolerance, diplomacy, faith, a sense of ambition for self-improvement, and the ability to escape boredom.

Thus equipped, I stand with willing hands and eager feet, midway between America's great past and her unpredictable future. When this epoch has been written in the Book, will the pages show merely the imprints of my thumb marks, or will they show the imprints of my thoughts?

